

my head hurts (and without you it's worse) by 10pintsofsacrifice

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Gen, small thing to get back into writing

Language: English

Characters: Eleven (Stranger Things), Jonathan Byers, Joyce Byers, Will Byers

Relationships: Will Byers & Eleven

Status: Completed

Published: 2017-07-19

Updated: 2017-07-19

Packaged: 2022-04-02 01:36:47

Rating: Not Rated

Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

Chapters: 1

Words: 669

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Eleven gets a migraine. Will helps.

my head hurts (and without you it's worse)

Author's Note:

no real warnings for this!! not necessarily will/eleven
but I suppose it could be read that way

The first thing you notice when you wake up is the sharp, stabbing pains in the unreachable center of your brain. Just opening your eyes causes a whole cacophony of pain that you're not prepared to deal with. Looking around your shared bedroom hurts and you can't help but let out a weak whimper. The light from the window is almost excruciating just to look at. It's a bad one.

"Good morning, El," Will murmurs, providing a slight reprieve from the pain you're in. Admittedly, he startled you just a bit, but he's a welcome sight amidst the waves of agony.

He goes to run a hand through your hair, but you reach out weakly to stop him.

"Are you okay?" He asks, thankfully keeping his voice down. He's never very loud or harsh with you.

"Head hurts, really bad," you manage, gasping as a new wave of searing pain passes through you.

He frowns and gently coaxes you back into bed, telling you to cover your ears as he yells for Jonathan to get some aspirin. He pulls the blankets up to your shoulders and carefully settles in the bed beside you. He offers his hand, which you take gratefully.

"Is El okay?" Jonathan murmurs when he catches sight of you, handing the pills and a glass of water off to Will before gently ruffling your hair. You lean into the touch as much as you can but you still can't help but whine.

Jonathan says something to Will but you don't really hear what it is. You down the pills in one gulp and Jonathan takes the glass from you with a frown and a quiet murmur of "I hope you feel better."

“This looks like a migraine.”

“A what?” The term is familiar but you can’t bring yourself to search your mind for the meaning right now.

“S like, a very bad headache. My mom used to get them a lot.”

“Ah.” You squeeze your eyes shut but you’re not able to maintain it. It feels like the pain is lancing down your spine and through your head.

“Mhm. I’ve had one or two, I know that they’re really awful - I passed out from having one once,” Will murmurs, gently rubbing your knuckles with his thumb.

You turn over and press your face into the space between his shoulder and jaw, eyes burning with the threat of pained and exhausted tears.

“Hey, hey,” he whispers as tears soak through his shirt and you sniffle lowly. Will slowly brings a hand through your hair, like Joyce does when you wake up from a particularly bad nightmare. You can’t help the quiet sobs that press out of you, but his touch makes it a little more bearable.

He whispers to you for a while until your sobs slow and all that’s left is hitched breaths and sore eyes. All the crying has made you thankfully and blissfully sleepy, and you sigh against Will as the tension finally drains out of your body.

“Sleep - wanna sleep, tired, know I just woke up but. I - yeah,” you murmur muffledly as your aching eyes slip shut and your breaths begin to even out.

“That’s okay, El - that might be good for you,” Will says softly, squeezing your hand and laying his chin on your head.

“Stay with me,” you breathe, wrapping an arm around his middle tiredly as you finally relax. He murmurs “Of course,” and positions himself so that he has a protective arm across your shoulders.

It isn’t over but the medicine has finally kicked in and made it a little

easier to handle, reducing it to more of a dull and occasionally sharp throbbing.

“I’ll be here,” he whispers, and kisses the top of your head.

“Thank you,” you mutter, voice cracking and soft with exhaustion. You let yourself drift into the comforting darkness.

Neither of you notice Joyce walking in just moments after you both close your eyes, smiling softly and fondly at the two of you.